ELEGIES

ON

I. *Her late* Majesty *of blessed Memory.*

II. *Late Arch-Bishop of* Canterbury.

III. *Illustrious Duke of* Ormond *and Earl of* Ossory.

IV. *Countess of* Dorset.

V. *Consolatory Poem*, &c.

Together with

A POEM on the PROMOTION of Several Eminent Persons, &c.

By *N. TATE*, Servant to His MAJESTY

LONDON:

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TO HIS

Most Excellent MAJESTY

WILLIAM III.

OF

Great Britain, France *and* Ireland,
King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

SIR,

I Presum'd not to present Your Majesty with this Elegy when it was first written, and 'tis with Reluctance that I now mention the Mournful Occasion.

The Conſternation We then lay Under was Only to be ſupported by, *SIR*, Your own Invincible Spirit.

But no leſs Reſolution was neceſſary when the Liberties of *Europe* were reduced to the laſt Extremity, and, her whole Fortune depended, under Heaven, upon Your Majeſties Endeavours.

Your Majeſty was not only Engaged in the nobleſt Cauſe that ever Champion appear'd for, but likewiſe Incumbred with greateſt Difficulties both at Home and Abroad.

Such Difficulties as requir'd the moſt Conſummate Qualities of a Prince

Prince and Hero, the utmost Efforts of Conduct, Fortitude and Industry; And, after all These, the peculiar Protection, Blessing, and Favour of Providence; which have been Miraculously exerted in Your Majesty's Preservation.

Your glorious Adventures and Management have, *SIR*, produc'd an honorable and advantageous PEACE; which All *Europe* must Esteem a Happiness, if only upon Account of the Dangers to which Your Sacred Person was expos'd in War.

Neither does the Publick Benefit and Usefulness of Heroick and virtuous Monarchs determine with the Business of the Field; The Greatness of their Souls exerts it self as gloriously in the Dispensation of peaceable Go-

vernment: By promoting advantageous Laws, and above All, by Advancement of Religion and Piety.

Your Majesty's exemplary Zeal on these Occasions have procur'd You the Applause of Men and Angels.

The happy Success of Your Majesty's pious Intentions are not only the Prayer, but certain Expectation of all good Men, and will endear Your Name to Posterity, beyond even Your Own Heroick Adventures and Performances.

SIR,

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

SIR,

I acknowledge my Preſumption in this Addreſs, but caſt my ſelf upon that Clemency which You are pleas'd to diſpenſe even to the meaneſt of Your Subjects, and therefore not to be deſpair'd of, by

Your Majeſty's

Moſt dutiful

Humble Servant,

N. Tate.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

MAUSOLEUM.

A Funeral Poem

On Our Late Gracious Sovereign

Queen MARY,

Of Bleſſed Memory.

SEE where the Royal *Shrine erected high,
Threatning the Temple's Roof, as (That the Sky;

*The Mauſoleum in Weſtm. Abbey.

With Starry Lamps and Banners blazing round,
And all the Pageantry of Death is crown'd.
For ah! with flatt'ring Pride and Triumph vain,
Thoſe Pyramids the dazling Pomp ſuſtain;
While High in State their glitt'ring Trophies Riſe,
Low, at their Baſis, *Britain*'s Glory lies.

Nor Sleep thoſe bleſt Remains, in Dead of Night,
Watcht only by unactive Tapers Light,
For thronging Seraphs, from Cœleſtial Bowr's,
Deſcend to ſtrew the Royal Hearſe with Flow'rs;
What Sov'reign Odour from that Mixture ſprings,
Fann'd and Sublim'd by hov'ring Angels Wings!

Theſe Rites perform'd, th' *Etherial* Troops re-
(ſign
To Forms Divine as Their's, the Royal Shrine.

For lo! four Matrons, deep in Sables clad,
(Of Solemn Mien, and Aſpect Charming ſad)
Advance; with each Her Enſigns waving high,
The Emblems of Her Pow'r, or Piety.

Auguſt *BRITTANNIA* the Proceſſion leads;
In State the *BELGIAN* Matron Her ſucceeds.
BRITTANNIA's Train, in Grandure of a Court,
Her Globe, Her Scepter, and Her Crown ſupport.

BATAVIA

BATAVIA with Her own Escutchion grac't,
Where Lions Rampant grasp Her Arrows sast.
* *Eusebia* next appears, in Pomp divine, *Church of England.*
See how Her Mitre, and Her Crosier shine!
* *Irene* brings the Rear, —but She, forlorn! **Protestant Church of France.*
No Badge but of Distress before Her born.
A Wreath of *Lillies* Her sad Herald wore,
But *Lillies* Crimson'd in Her Off-spring's Gore!

Now to their sundry Stations they disperse,
The high-arch'd Inlets to the Sov'reign Hearse:
Where solemnly each Matron takes her Stand,
With each a fuming Censer in her Hand.
All Mute a while, with awful Sorrow strook,
Till *Belgia* thus in troubled Accents spoke.

Ah how transform'd from what I was of late!
How blest, ye Pow'rs, how prosp'rous was my State!

My flouriſhing Towns with Pleaſure I ſurvey'd,
The World's great Mart and Seat of Commerce made;
Cov'ring with floating Colonies the Main,
While *Gallick* Rage at Home I could ſuſtain;
Viſit both Poles, to Spicy Climates run,
And ſpread my Naval Wings before the riſing Sun.

No more can populous Towns, or ſwelling Seas,
The ſtronger Deluge of my Grief appeaſe,
My Spicy *Eaſtern* Groves no longer pleaſe.
Matrons ſad Vigils through my Cities keep,
With ſtreaming Tears my Saylors ſwell the Deep;
There *Tritons*, ſtarted from their Coral Cells,
Rang'd on the Rocks, to *Dirges* tune their Shells:
On ſep'rate Cliffs their penſive *Nereids* ſit,
No chearful Song or am'rous Glance admit;
No more with Pearl and Amber deck their Head,
But Mourn, forlorn, their *Amphitrite* Dead,
From Dawn to Duſk, and weep the Stars to Bed.

Ye

Ye Winds, that waft my freighted Fleets away,
Neglect your Charge; let uſeleſs Traffick ſtay
Till you to *Java*'s Iſle my Sighs convey.
Fate's Triumph over Nature there proclaim,
And ſay, *MARIA*'s nothing but a Name!
A Hearſe, an Urn, as Vulgar Mortals are;
To Earth no more, ——but to the Skies a *Star*.

She ſaid——*IRENE* next her Plaints addreſt,
Plaints, which her Looks too ſenſibly expreſt:
(An Exile from her Native Shore ſhe fled,
By Innocence and Mourning Angels led)
A pearly Show'r Her fairer Face bedews,
While Thus, what Paſſion dictates, She purſues.

Inſtruct me, Grief, unable to ſuſtain
Thy preſſing Weight; to whom ſhall I Complain?
To Earth or Skies?---'Tis they that have Engroſs'd.
'Tis they that ſhare the Treaſure I have loſt.

To Seas? —— There *Thetis* Comfortleſs appears,
And for *Her Self* reſerves the Ocean's Tears.
To gentle Winds and Air if I Complain,
They can but Sigh, and Sigh like me in Vain!
Nature Replies, when her Relief I try,
That She has loſt, and grieves as much as I.
Or would I to *MARIA*'s ſelf Addreſs,
(The Royal Refuge of my paſt Diſtreſs)
The Queen of Pity I no longer find
Enthron'd, but here (ah! fatal Change) Enſhrin'd.
High rapt in heav'n'y Bow'rs Her Soul remains,
Her breathleſs Reliques a deaf Tomb contains.

Ye happier Rivals in our Common Grief!
You Mourn, but not like me, without Relief.
Britain and *Belgia* through the Main can roam,
Enrich'd with Treaſures of Both *Indies* come,
And, like an Altar, deck *MARIA*'s Tomb.

Her

Her Hierarchy does fair *Euſebia* bleſs,
Secure She does Her ſacred Rights poſſeſs,
And ſtores of grateful Incenſe can addreſs.
What Tribute to Her Aſhes can I give,
Who only did by Her Indulgence live?
A Wretche's laſt Reſerve I will beſtow,
My Tears---but ſee---They, uncommanded, flow!
Like Weeping *Niobe's* their *S*teams renew:
O that, like Her, I could turn Marble too!

She ceas'd——*EUSEBIA* then her Starry Head
With mournful Grace unveil'd, and, ſighing, ſaid.

If Strangers can ſuch deep Concern expreſs,
What Accents will ſuffice for my Diſtreſs!
Of theſe Remains can I ſuſtain the Sight,
Who claim a Subject's and a Daughter's Right;
Nurs'd with her warmeſt Beams, whoſe Luſtre fill'd
My Front with Stars, and did my Mitre gild.

Eve, new created, no ſuch Pleaſure took
Her own bright Form diſcov'ring in the Brook;
And, whereſoe're Her raviſh'd Eyes She threw,
Still to have blooming Paradiſe in View.
So I at my own Happineſe admir'd ——
Ah where are now thoſe golden Dreams retir'd?
Their faint Idea my ſick Thought employs,
A cold Remembrance of departed Joys.

As Ship-wreckt Mariners, on ſome bleak Shoar,
The Riches of their periſht Freight deplore,
Let me, the Treaſure I have loſt, declare,
Too vaſt for Time and Nature to Repair.

Be huſht ye Winds, ye Skies ſerene and clear,
No lowring Cloud or angry Wave appear,
While my *MARIA*'s Virtues I recite:
O were my Language like Her Virtues, Bright
The Charming Sounds wou'd Gueſts from Hea'vn (invite.

Heav'n

Heav'n wou'd be Here, and with Immortal Lays,
My ſelf a *Seraph*, while I Sung her Praiſe.

What ancient Poets did, inſpir'd, aver
Of *Female* worth, was *Prophecy* of Her;
And what their Age by Revelation ſaw,
Poſterity muſt from Her Story draw.

Her Breaſt each cent'ring Excellence cou'd boaſt,
The ſcatter'd Virtues of Her Sex engroſt;
Nor did thoſe Beams on Her refracted Fall,
She All poſſeſt, and in Perfection All.
Cou'd Majeſty and Mildneſs reconcile,
Hold Sov'raign Awe, yet on Her Subjects ſmile.

Nor only Calm, but Conſtant was Her Mind,
Fix'd as the Centre to Earth's Globe aſſign'd:
A Fortreſs which the Fates in vain aſſail'd,
And where the baffled King of Terrors fail'd.

Chearful

Chearful as Angels, or the Springing Day
That tunes the Groves, and makes the Meadows gay.
For blameleſs Mirth Heaven's Off-ſpring is confeſt,
And Heav'n was ever in *MARIA*'s Breaſt.

Her Words and Actions, all exactly weigh'd
In Reaſon's Scale, and by Diſcretiou ſway'd,
Alike from Prejudice and Paſſion free,
Henceforth of Prudence ſhall the *Standart* be.

Let Heav'n (with Heav'n ſhe correſpondence held)
Say how my Saint in Piety excell'd.
Its ſinking Empire how She did ſupport,
And to a Sanctu'ry reform'd a Court.
Say, how Her bright Example cou'd diſarm
Eſtabliſh'd Vice, and make Religion Charm.
What frequent Viſits to my Temple pay,
And there Inſtruct Devotion how to Pray:

Where

Where thronging Cherubs did Her Zeal attend,
Ambitious who ſhould with Her Vows aſcend.

But Charity, Her Souls eſſential Grace,
In tend'reſt Strokes was pict'ur'd in Her Face,
Who like an Angel cou'd at Suff'rings melt,
Condole the Mis'ry She had never felt.
Reliev'd, till Royal Bounty She had drein'd,
Then with Her Tears th'exhauſted Store maintain'd:
Kind as the Pelican, in Times of Need,
When for Her craving Off-ſpring She does bleed.

Such was my Sov'reign! Such, and yet expir'd!
To Earth ſo needful, yet from Earth retir'd.
Yet ſee! No wreck of Elements is found;
Time journeys on, and Nature keeps her Round:
Our Vales may bloom again, our Groves be green,
No more the Goddeſs of the Spring be ſeen!

She's

She's fled! Divine *MARIA*'s vaniſht hence,
And ſleeps with Queens of common Providence.
Like Them, She has to Fate reſign'd Her Breath;
O Triumph of the Grave! O Pomp of Death!
With Her entomb'd——
Youth, Beauty, Vertue, their Interment have,
O Pomp of Death! O Tryumph of the Grave!

Yet Tyrants live, ah! What can Reaſon ſay?
They keep their Thrones, who Iron Scepters ſway,
Support me Faith; if Faith too feeble be,
Support my Faith *MARIA*'s Piety.

She pauz'd, and wept.

BRITANNIA, tho' with equal Grief oppreſt,
Majeſtick, thus her Oriſons addreſt.

Hail Saint and Queen,--- too weak alas that Style!
Hail Heroin and Goddeſs of our Iſle!

My

My *Pallas*, who cou'd absent *Mars* supply;
And, *Jove* withdrawn, like *Juno* rule the Sky.

Empire She priz'd not, tho' to Empire born,
Nor sought the Pow'r She cou'd so well adorn:
Yet held Her Brittish Throne securely calm,
As *Deborah* within her Grove of Palm;
From whose orac'lous Shade she did prescribe,
And Audience gave to each consulting Tribe,
My *Regent* with such Grandeur, such Address,
In Councel sway'd; and prest with last Distress,
Like Her, *Spoke* Victory, and *Look'd* Success.
In publick Storms She heard the Billows rave,
And cheerfully the needfull Orders gave.
With pious Hope adjusted Her Commands,
And left th' Event on Providences Hands.

She knew what Mein the Sceptre, Crown and Globe,
What Majesty became th' Imperial Robe;

But

But from th' Incumbrance freed of Sov'reign Awe,
What Artiſt can Her milder Beauties draw?
What Colours ſhall expreſs? What Pencil trace
The Charms that did Her Converſation grace?
How beaming Joys Her Aſpect did adorn,
And how She mov'd the Goddeſs of the Morn.
What Harmony did in Her Language dwell;
How ſullen Griefs Her Accents cou'd diſpell,
While ſofter They than ſhedding Roſes fell.

Methinks I hear lamenting *April* ſay,
Unwelcome now returns my lateſt * Day,
That once eclips'd the blooming Pride of *May*.
The Day that with auſpicious Hours did ſmile,
And gave a Jubilee to *Britain*'s Iſle.
No more that Feſtival ſhall entertain
The Court with Revel or harmonious Strain:
For chearfull Songs, my Bards muſt now retreat,
And *Dirges* breath to ſome forſaken Seat.

* *The Queen's Birth-Day.*

Seek

Seek gloomy Vales, where blaſted Nature pines,
And Grief with Night in cold Embraces joyns.

Let there, what never muſt in Crouds be told,
Your mourning Muſe that Diſmal Scene unfold!
Let Fancy there rehearſe in wild Complaint,
The ſickning Sov'reign, the expiring Saint.
When Sacrilegious Maladies, combin'd,
Beauty's Imperial Temple undermin'd.
How ravaging through Her rich Veins they flew,
Till all in one-Aſſault ——
Againſt Her gen'rous Heart their Forces drew.
While Nature cou'd no more the Fort ſupply,
And vanquiſht Art it ſelf ſtood Sighing by.

Well may his Sons deſpair, when *Phœbus (ſhrouds
His baffl'd Head, and ſculks in conſcious (Clouds

* The gloomy weather in the Queen's ſickneſs.

Drives wide his Wain, ſhuns his Meridian *Way*,
And through continu'd Darkneſs *ſteals* the Day.

Immortal

Immortal Pow'rs, can you behold, ungriev'd,
Her Agonies, who Nations had reliev'd?
Amidſt Her Pangs, ſee how She lies reſign'd
To your Diſpoſal, while you ſeem unkind!
Undaunted, yet to your Allegiance true,
Bids Death Defiance, but ſubmits to You.
She ſees Diſtraction through Her Palace ſpread,
She ſees the Graces weeping round Her Bed,
Yet ſtill Compos'd; till Her expiring Sight
Her ſwooning Hero.—— Here let deepeſt Night
Her Mantle ſpread, and Nature's Face diſguiſe,
While *Ceſar* ſinks, and while *MARIA*'s Eyes
Cloſing transferr Their Glories to the Skies.
Oh what Convulſions now ſhook *Britain*'s Breaſt!
Her Sun and Moon in one Eclipſe oppreſt.

Yet, O *Alcides* of our Age, ſuſtain
Thy laſt and greateſt Task to Live and Reign!

This

This Conqueſt muſt Diſtinguiſh your bright Name,
And write You Foremoſt in the Liſt of Fame.

Death ne're is Diſtant when Perfection's near;
Vertue *Sublim'd* will quickly diſappear.
MARIAS's fall'n! Worthy to have ſurviv'd,
Till *Cæſar*'s promis'd Triumphs were arriv'd;
Till harras'd *Europe*'s Freedom She ſurvey'd,
And crown'd the Halcyon Days for which She pray'd
Speak You, who Commerce with Immortals hold
Theſe Labarynths of Providence unfold!
Euſebia ſpeak.

EUSEBIA's Sacred Breaſt.
With Rapture fill'd, inſpiring Zeal confeſt,
Divinely bright Her Frontlet Stars appear'd,
While up tow'rds Heav'n Her raviſh'd Eyes She rear'd:
The Temple ſhakes, the yielding Roof gives way,
And Ope's a Proſpect to Eternal Day.

Throngh all the Dome Ambroſial Fragrance ſpread,
While Thus, in Extaſie, the Matron ſaid;

With Robes inveſted of Cæleſtial Dye,
She towrs and treads the Empyræan Sky!
Angelick Choirs, skill'd in triumphant Song,
Heav'ns Battlements and Chryſtal Turrets throng.
The Signal's giv'n, th' Eternal Gates unfold,
Blazing with Jaſper, wreath'd in burniſh'd Gold,
From Bow'rs of *Amaranth* and *Nectar* Streams,
(Manſions of Rapture and inſpiring Dreams)
The Hoſt of Saints *MARIA*'s Tryumph meet,
MARIA, All, their own *MARIA* greet.

Behold! a Rev'rend *Shade* ſteps forth, his Head
Mitred in Glory, deep his Veſtments ſpread;
O Patriarch mild! Thy Aſpect ſtill I know,
That ev'n on Earth ſo much of Heav'n did ſhow.

Heav'ns

Heav'ns Meſſenger to Us Thou firſt didſt prove,
And now *MARIA's* to the Bleſt above.

Now, pointing up, he ſhews, prepar'd on High,
Her Chair of State and Starry Canopy,
She takes Her Throne, but there inſtall'd, ſo bright
Her Form, I loſe Her in *Exceſs* of *Light*.

FINIS.

ELEGY

AN

ELEGY

ON THE

Most Reverend Father in God

HIS GRACE

JOHN,

LATE

Lord Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury.*

Written in the Year, 1693.

To the Most Reverend Father in God

His GRACE

THOMAS

Lord Arch-Bishop of

CANTERBURY.

My Lord,

THIS *Tribute of my Muse, in Memory of Your Grace's worthy Predecessor, was favourably accepted by many Eminent Persons, and particularly by Your Grace.*

Zeal and Affection supply'd my want of Genius; at least Your passionate Respect for

so dear a Friend, inclin'd Your Indulgence to my Performance.

Our Loss in that excellent Patriarch, was justly lamented; but the same Royal Choice *that had so well provided for our Church, has once more approv'd it self in supplying her Pastoral Chair.*

His Majesty was truly sensible what Moderation of Temper, what Integrity of Heart and Piety of Mind; what Judgment and Constancy were requisite for so Sacred an Office, and so exalted a Station.

My Lord,

If Panegyrick were (as it never was) my Talent, I should decline it in Your Grace's Presence.

Great Souls are least delighted with their own Praises, and the Pious (even in Places of highest Dignity) are Ambitious of no other Encomiums than the private Testi-

mony

mony of their own Conſcience. But even to That I can appeal for the Sincerity of Your Grace's Deſigns and Endeavours for the real Intereſts both of our Church *and* State.

They are ſo unfeignedly the Motives and Meaſures of all Your Counſils and Actions, that every Engliſh-Man and Well-wiſher to his Countrey has a Right of ſpeaking his thankfull Acknowledgments, and, amongſt the Reſt,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Moſt Humble Servant,

N. Tate.

AN ELEGY

On His GRACE JOHN

Late Lord Arch-Biſhop of *CANTERBURY.*

COmplaints, like Ours, in *Ramah*'s Vale (were heard,
When *Samuel*'s Awful Reliques were in- (terr'd.
Like Him, by Heav'n approv'd, and Earth admir'd.
Our Age's greateſt Prophet is Expir'd!

Juſt Honours to his Sepulchre we'll pay,
But ſome kind Seraph muſt inſtruct the way.

A Garland for his Marble we'll compoſe
Of *Syrian* Lillies, and the *Sharon* Roſe:
Arabia's Spice in one rich Pile ſhould flame,
And *Gilead*'s Balm, leſs precious than his Name.

But when the Treaſures of the *Eaſt* are ſpent
In pious Off-rings at his Monument,
All Rites perform'd that to his Urn belong,
To whom ſhall Fame entruſt the Fun'ral Song?

The Graces Speechleſs to his Shrine repair,
Ev'n Art and Wit ſtand ſilent Mourners There;
Yet bolder *Zeal* will Bands of Duty break,
And *Gratitude* be priviledg'd to ſpeak.
True Paſſion too can Inſpiration bring,
'Twas Grief firſt taught the Nightingal to ſing;
From His, as from *Elijah*'s pow'rful Tomb,
Ev'n my dead Muſe ſhall vital Warmth reſume.

Hark!

Hark! From on high I hear a Seraph ſay,
Hence ye unhallow'd, for my Charge make way:

The Crow'd retire---- a Matron ſtreight appears,
Stars on her Head, her Face bedew'd with Tears,
How charming are her Looks——
Tho' doubly now oppreſt with Grief and Years!
Divine * *Euſebia*, tho' in Sables dreſt,
Is ſtill by her Angelick Mein confeſt.
Charm'd with her Voice the liſtning Winds repair,
While Thus her balmy Sighs perfume the Air.

* The Church of *England*.

Pity me, Heav'n, for your All-ſearching Eye
Can only to my Grief's deep Centre pry.
Behold me, once of Mothers the moſt bleſt,
Of Mourning Mothers now the moſt diſtreſt!
Compell'd my Temple's Glory to reſign,
My SUN extinguiſh'd, who with Rays divine
Blaz'd out, and taught my Younger Stars to Shine.

My

My Pow'rful *Pan*, my ruling Paſtor's dead,
Whoſe Pious Care my Flocks and Shepherds fed.
When mighty Realms enſlav'd to Error lay,
And Empires ſtoop'd to Myſtick *Babel's* ſway,
Then could I boaſt, ſuch was my Patriarch's Care,
To ſhew th' Apoſtate World an Apoſtolick Chair.
To Envy I appeal (for we may truſt
Envy her ſelf with ſuch Religious Duſt)
If ever Guide with more Reluctance took,
Or manag'd with more Skill my Ruling Crook.
A Crook, that once committed to *His* Hand,
Wrought Miracles, and *bloom'd* like *Aaron's* Wand.
Endu'd with Power to work my Flocks Increaſe,
And charm Contending Shepherds into Peace:
Nor wily *Jacob's* Myſtick Arts of old,
Prevail'd with ſuch Succeſs on *Laban's* Fold,
As his unblemiſh'd open Life, to gain
The Separating Straglers of the Plain.

Matrons

Matrons Abroad, for Reformation fam'd,
From Superſtitious Vanities reclaim'd,
My Temple's Ancient Honour ſaw Renew'd,
And bleſs'd my Stars, and for my Friendſhip ſu'd;
On Me theſe Bleſſings my kind Saint conferr'd;
Tranſporting Bleſſings!——but, with Him, interr'd.
With faint Delight shall I my Vintage preſs,
Liſtleſs the Harveſt of his Toils poſſeſs,
Bereav'd of Him who did my Comforts bleſs.
As *Iſrael's* Guide from *Piſgah's* Mount withdrew,
The Deſart paſs'd, and promis'd Land in view;
To ſuch rebated Joys my Tribes are led,
Canaan in Proſpect, but their Leader dead!
How ſhort-liv'd was the Tranſport I poſſeſt,
For which with Tears I had ſo oft addreſt!
For This did Saints and Angels long intreat,
And *Cæſar* court him to my Paſt'ral Seat?

Approach

Approach my Sons, with Me approach his Shrine;
In One Condoling Dirge your Voices join;
Your *Albion* Rocks with theſe ſad Accents rend,
We have a Father *Loſt*, *Mankind a* Friend.

Thus mourn'd the Matron, and with Sighs oppreſt
His Sacred Urn embracing, Wept the Reſt.

With no leſs Paſſion *Britain*'s State Complain'd,
No leſs the Loſs that *Britain*'s State ſuſtain'd.

When threatning Danger did the Realm ſurprize,
Not *Homer*'s *Neſtor* could, like Him, Adviſe.
His Words, as if inſpir'd, Impreſſion made,
Ulyſſe's Skill, without his Craft, diſplay'd:
His Counſels ne're were varniſh'd o'er with Art:
With Policy He ſtill did Truth impart;
Spoke Oracles,—but always ſpoke his Heart.

No

No paſſive *Gorgon* did his Reaſon charm,
To hang dead Weights on our Reſtorer's Arm:
His Meaſures He from ſacred Sanctions drew;
To Heav'n and to his Countries Int'reſt, true,
Hence, by reſpect to Him, her Friends were known;
And ſhe diſcover'd in His Foes her own.

When firſt in *Learning*'s Orb His Luſtre blaz'd,
The World look'd up, tranſported and amaz'd;
Nor leſs ſurpriz'd, bewail his Beams withdrawn,
Penſive and hopeleſs of another Dawn.
So, pleas'd and wondring, our great Parent view'd
The firſt day's Sun, and with charm'd Eyes purſu'd:
And when from Sight the ſetting Lamp withdrew,
So He out-wept the Night's diſtilling Dew;
In ſable Shades, Griet's Vigil kept untir'd,
With Looks ſtill *Weſtward* fix'd, where Day expir'd.

The *Labyrinths* of Knowledge He descry'd,
With REASON like a *Sibyl* for his Guide,
And with Her Oracles divinely blest,
As happily her Dictates he expreſt.

His pow'rful *Style* an artfull Nature grac't;
Expreſſive words and all with Judgment plac't;
Hence they, like choſen well-rank'd Troops prevail'd,
And through the Hearer's Ear his Soul aſſail'd.
His Eloquence was neither coarſe nor vain,
From Arrogance and Stiffneſs did refrain,
Courtly Familiar, and Majeſtick Plain.
Extenſive Senſe He into compaſs drew,
Said what was Juſt, and always ſomething *New*;
That did ſurprizingly our Souls delight,
As ſov'reign Beauty conquers at firſt Sight.

He, thus compleatly Arm'd for Truth's Defence
His pious Warfare early did commence.

Gigantick

Gigantick *Atheism* first His Vigour try'd,
A daring Foe that Heav'n it self defy'd:
Ev'n Hell at first this Monster's Brood disclaim'd,
Nor one fall'n Angel knew for *Atheism* damn'd,
But Earth, more impious than the Realms of Night,
Sent Hell a Race of Fiends that did her Furies fright.
Ah stupid Crew! Who Reason wou'd employ
Eternal Reason's Essence to destroy!
The Fable's now to impious Practice grown,
These Sons of Earth wou'd Heav'ns true *Jove* de-
(throne.

Rome's Dragon next our Champion did engage,
The same that dar'd of old th' Arch-Angel's Rage.
And flush'd once more with Arbitrary Pow'r,
Waited *Eusebia*'s Off-spring to devour:
But, when his Torrent-Pride did highest swell,
Confronted by this second *Michael*, fell.

And when at last he saw (as 'twas but Just,
The Champion with his rescu'd Charge to Trust)
Eusebia's Altars made His Guardian-care,
With Jaws expanded, through the blasted Air,
Belch'd Curses, the last Refuge of Despair.

¶ These Monsters quell'd, no *Sphinx* or *Hydra* rose,
But whom He did with like Success oppose.

Then, as first Heroes *doubly* gain Applause,
By Conquests, and prescribing righteous Laws;
Thus did our Pious Guide just Precepts give,
Both how to Think aright, and how to Live.
The Cheats of Syren Vice expos'd to view,
And Vertue in her native Beauty drew:
Of her bright Paths a Prospect did display,
Where smiling Peace and harmless Pleasures lay;
Did straying Souls to her Enclosure bring,
With charming Accents, such as Halcyons sing,
Or Evening Zephyrs when they woo the Spring.

Hea'vn

Heav'n He deſcrib'd as 'twere His native Home,
And He an Envoy from thoſe Regions come.

But Vertue's Image and the Graces, beſt
In his bright Mind and Practice were expreſt.

Divinely Humble in Preferment's Height;
Nor then diſdain'd on needy Worth to wait:
High Station only did his Beams extend,
But none in his Advancement loſt a Friend.

By Judgment's Compaſs ev'ry Courſe he Steer'd
And watch'd the Signals e'er the Storm appear'd:
His Prudence o'er the Surges did prevail,
With Ballaſt ſtill proportion'd to his Sail.
Precipitately ne'er aſſum'd a Truſt;
To Promiſe Slow, but in Performance, Juſt.

Of Temper calm, and Sanatively cool,
As *Jordan's* Current, or *Bethesda's* Pool;

By Grace Inſtructed, and by Nature mild,
Nor reliſht Life but when he *Reconcil'd*:
His Carriage, Words and Works, breath'd Goſpel All
His very Look was *Evangelicall.*
His Life and Aſpect did juſt Patterns give
What Figures Angels make, and how they Live.

Th' Appearance of his Perſon brought a Charm
That cou'd at Sight contentious Rage diſarm.
So Boiſt'rous Winds that furiouſly contend,
And Sea and Air in wild Diſorder blend,
At *Neptune's* Preſence, o'er the Waves Diſplay'd,
Sculk to their Caverns, and the Storm is Layd.

To Souls oppreſt with Sickneſs or with Grief,
His Viſits, like an Angel's, brought Relief:
When wrong'd, repeated Pardons did extend;
To Suffer Reſolute, tim'rous to Offend,

His

His wond'rous Charity no Limits knew,
But, like Heav'ns Manna, in the gathering, Grew.
His Bounty ne're by Limbeck-drops diſtill'd,
But in large Show'rs the thirſty Valleys fil'd.
In Giving, ſome expreſs ſuch grutching Grief,
That Want it ſelf repines at the Relief;
But he ſo Cheerfully did ſtill impart,
That with his Alms he ſeem'd to give his *Heart*.

But Day, my Muſe, will from our Sphere retreat,
E'er we his Vertue's Garland can compleat;
Nor all the fairer Siſters that frequent
Pirene's Banks, on that one Labour bent,
Tho' Fancy's Treaſure ſhou'd be drein'd, can raiſe
The full proportion'd Tribute of his Praiſe.
Sons of Mortality, Learn'd, Pious, Wiſe;
Who boaſt no leſs than Kindred with the Skies;
See where Entomb'd your great Example lies!

Well! since his Soul its native Skies regains,
We'll celebrate at least its dear Remains;
From Fate it self we'll force the sad Relief,
The mourning Comfort to indulge our Grief.
Permit ye Stars, who now his Presence boast,
Earth's wretched Sons, to tell what they have lost!
But he who justly will perform this Part,
Must Truth consult, no study'd Rules of Art;
Invoke no *Helicon* but *Jordan*'s Spring,
And for his *Epicede* an *Anthem* bring.

Much less can our unconsecrated Verse,
His deathless *Apotheosis* rehearse.

'Tis in a Sublunary Muse's Pow'r,
To furnish Trophies for a Conquerour;
Home to his Palace from the vanquish'd Plain,
Expanded Fancy may the Pomp maintain;

But

But oh! When *Vertue*'s Triumph we would paint,
The Progreſs ſing of ſome departing *Saint*,
When ſome *Elijah* muſt to Heav'n be caught,
From Heav'n the flaming Chariot muſt be brought:
In ſuch a Flight our *Pegaſus* will Tire,
To mount that Wain aloft there muſt conſpire
The Whirl-Winds rapid Wings, and Steeds of Fire.

The *Tiſhbite*'s fiercer Spirit, raviſht hence,
(Whoſe Miniſt'ry in Terrors did commence)
With ſuch *tempeſtuous* Rapture might diſpence;
But Tranſport, like our Prophet's Soul, *Serene*,
Grac'd his pacifick Life's concluding Scene;
From Earth tranſlated, *gently*, to the Skies,
As Angels that on Flames of Incenſe riſe.
From high where gratefull Throngs (about him preſs
Of Souls by him directed up to Bliſs)

Tranſported

Transported he beholds the Past'ral Chair
Supply'd, and made his mild Successor's Care:
(For Heav'n *their* Minds Resemblance form'd Com-
(pleat,
Like the *Twin-Cherubs* of the *Mercy-Seat.*)
Our Altars made so kind a Guardian's Charge,
Doe's, ev'n in Paradise, his Joys enlarge;
Pleas'd that *Eusebia* does once more rejoyce,
Once more applaud her *pious Monarch*'s Choice.

FINIS.

Carmen Paſtorale-Nauticum.

IN

MEMORY

OF

His GRACE the Illuſtrious Duke

OF

ORMOND:

And of the Right Honorable the Earl

OF

OSSORY.

Written in the Year, 1688.

To His GRACE

JAMES

DUKE OF

ORMOND.

My Lord,

THERE needs no Apology for my Addreſſing to Your Grace this Poem in Memory of Your Illuſtrious and and Immediate Anceſtors, who paſs'd the Sphere of Life with an uninterrupted Courſe of Glory.

The Duke of ORMOND (whoſe Obſequies I have here endeavour'd to Celebrate)

brate) was a Prince of such accomplish'd Person and Endowments of Mind, as if Nature in Him had design'd to triumph over Invention, to transcend the most exalted Ideas *of Poetry, and to shew the Moralist such an Example of consummate Worth as he had never meet with, but in Speculation.*

He seem'd always at his Meridian, *what ever he did or said was Great and suitable to his mighty Self.*

Wherefore, as a just Reward to his transcendent Merit he surviv'd to see his Noble Genius copy'd in his Son the Illustrious Earl of OSSORY; *who, both for Pacifick Virtues and Renown in Arms was likewise an Ornament of the Age in which he liv'd.*

The Muses would justly forfeit ther Charter should they refuse their Tribute to the Shrines of such deserving and noble Patrons.

My

My Lord,

I am sensible that their Encomium is more acceptable to you than your own, tho' in truth it be the Same, for nothing can be worthily said of them in which you are not Personally concern'd.

Their Fame is as inseparable from You as their Blood, and no less Hereditary than their Titles and Dignity. In Camp and Court, in Publick and Private Respects you have maintain'd their Character to the highest pitch of Honour.

This is the least that can be said of Your Grace, which, yet is enough to convince the World that true English *Worth and Greatness of Soul is not every where expir'd.*

And that you may long survive a glorious Example thereof is Implor'd, as

a

a Publick Blessing, by all true Lovers of their Country, but by none more zealously, than

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most Humble

And devoted Servant,

N. Tate.

IN

MEMORY

Of His GRACE the Illuſtrious Duke of

ORMOND,

And the Right Honorable the Earl of

OSSORY.

ON a ſteep Bank, by native Reeds Supply'd,
Where *Thames* the *Med-way* weds, his (willing Bride,
Thirſis had ſat him down his Pipe to mend
Which he in Rage had broke——

Damon, the Friend whom he moſt dearly priz'd,
(From Sea Return'd) the penſive Swain ſurpriz'd,
And Thus accoſts him ——

DAMON.

—— Then 'twas falſe and vain
The Rumour that Alarm'd Us on the Main,
How You my Friend, with Grief become forlorn,
Had broke your Pipe, and had your Muſe forſworn.

THIRSIS.

For Service paſt at laſt oppreſt with Wrong,
What had thy Friend to do with chearful Song?
The late repenting Muſe, from Town withdrawn,
To Me return'd, and this forſaken Lawn,
Where, on my broken Reed She deeply ſwore,
Henceforth to tempt me from my Flock no more;
And bid, to thankleſs Courts and Verſe Adieu.

DAMON.

Then wherefore Swain that Pipe fixt up Anew?

THIRSIS.

THIRSIS.

A Mournful Dirge muſt now employ my Breath,
Joy I renounce——but ſtill may ſing of Death.
Concern and Zeal will give the Numbers Heat,
And *Ormond*'s mighty Name will make 'em Great.

DAMON.

Should *Phœbus* and the tuneful Nine retire,
Sound but the Name of *Ormond*, 'twill Inſpire
With more than Poet's or *Promethean* Fire.

THIRSIS.

Thy *Thirſis* once to *Phœbus* did belong,
Nor wholly Uninſpir'd preſumes this Song;
The *Muſes* brought it nightly to my Ear;
Freely I'll Sing, do you as freely Hear;
Nor only Hear, but ſometimes bear a Part,
For *Damon* Thou art Own'd a Son of Art;
Though I the Field and Thou the Sea doſt chuſe,
One Friendſhip ever rul'd our Breaſts, One *Muſe*.

And as my Lays were wont to Tune the Woods,
The *Tritons* Thine cou'd raiſe, and charm the Floods.

DAMON.

Strike, Shrike the Note, begin the noble Strein,
While Earth and Skie the Conſort ſhall maintain,
While Ebbing *Thames* and *Med-way* gently creep;
'Tis many Hours to Flood—— till then the Winds (will ſleep.

THIRSIS.

O Sacred *Iſis*, by whoſe ſhady Streams
Oxonian Bards lie rapt in golden Dreams,
Juſt Tribute pay to thy Great *ORMOND*'s Hearſe,

DAMON.

And give Immortal Worth Immortal Verſe.

THIRSIS.

When *ORMOND* Dy'd, ye Floods and Groves (confeſs
(You and your weeping Nymphs were Witneſſes.)

If any Care the heartleſs Heardſman took,
To drive his Heiffers to the Chryſtal Brook;
If in that heavy Day, the gen'rous Steed
Would taſt the Stream, or in the Paſture feed!
In ſilent Hive the ſickly Bee lay ſtill,
No wanton Kidd would ſport, nor am'rous Turtle Bill

DAMON.

As Nature had for *ORMOND*'s ſake Alone
Employ'd her Powr's, and, her lov'd *ORMOND* gone
Her Care did ceaſe, and all her Task were done.

THIRSIS.

So *Eden* ſtarv'd when of her Lord beguild,
And *Paradiſe* forthwith became a Wild.

DAMON.

When ſuch tranſcendent Sorrow is the Theam
Fair *Cam* muſt Eccho to our *Iſis* Stream:
Nor muſt the *Liffee* be deny'd her Share.

THIRSIS.

To Visit his fam'd Court and Palace there
From *Cestrian* Plains my *Muse* did Young repair,
And having *ORMOND* in his State beheld,
(Whose Pomp her faint Ideas far excell'd)
Return'd transported back to her Abode,
And told the Village She had seen a God.

DAMON.

My Fancy, early with Ambition fir'd,
Of *ORMOND* and his Princely Deeds enquir'd;
What Benefits the Patron had bestow'd,
How much our *Europe* to his Conduct ow'd
In Peace and War——Then to the *Indian* Shore
Remov'd, my *Muse* her full Instructions bore,
Where in the Plantan Shade She Sung his Name,
Till from their Hills the Savage Natives came,
And, list'ning to the Charming Ayres, grew Tame.

THIRSIS.

THIRSIS.

Through what ſurprizing Mazes did he lead
His vaſt Deſigns, what ſecret Paſſes tread?
Alpheus thus the Ocean do's begnile,
And diving deep with Undiſcover'd Toil,
Riſes to bleſs the fair *Sicanian* Iſle.

DAMON.

Long did oppreſt *Brittannia* hopeleſs Mourn
For Exil'd *Charles* and *Ormond*'s wiſh'd Return,
At laſt the Bliſs, which we ſo oft Implor'd,
And no kind Pow'r durſt promiſe, was Reſtor'd;
Then was the Tuneful Shepherd's Song allow'd,
In Peace our Heiffers fed and Oxen Plow'd.
With Honey Drops the *Britiſh* Oak diſtill'd,
And burden'd *Thames Auguſta*'s Market fill'd.

DAMON.

So far the fatal Plenty did Increaſe,
We Surfeited at laſt on Wealth and Peace,

Whose Warmth our feebler Warriours did disarm,
Nor could they bear the Sun who bore the Storm;
While *Ormond*'s Constancy, in prosp'rous State,
Maintan'd her Regency as firm as Fate;
Her gen'rous Stream through Seas of Pleasure led,
Clear and untainted as the Fountain's Head.

THIRSIS.

Virtue so feebly now exerts her Pow'rs
We Stalk faint Shaddows of our Ancestors.
If Nature once in these degen'rate Days,
Do's by some vast Effort an *Ormond* raise.
He's gaz'd at while he Shines, and when he quits (the Stage,
In Darkness leaves our Sphear, and quite undoes (the Age.

DAMON.

Why wert thou rais'd so high and form'd so bright
To lie with vulgar Mortals wrapt in Night!

Too

Too rigid now, O Fate, thy Law appears,
A Patriarch's Piety ſhould have a Patriarch's Years.

THIRSIS.

So have I ſeen the Oak, that long had ſtood
A friendly Shelter to the Underwood,
Green in his Age, till inbred Death deſtroy'd
The Plant which Storms and Thunder ne'er annoyd.

DAMON.

The Noble Tree is periſh'd, while below
The Shrubs ſurvive, and uſeleſs Brambles grow.

THIRSIS.

Behold my Friend behold yon Shady Dale,
Now Conſecrate and made a Sacred Vale,
An Altar There I've rais'd in ſcanty Room
The little Emblem of Great *Ormond*'s Tomb.
Whoſe Front by me with Lawrels ſhall be Crown'd,
Oft as the circling Year compleats his Round;

Ev'n

Ev'n now, against the Solemn Day's Return,
(Which I must ever Honour ever Mourn)
My *Muse* has form'd her Tributary Verse,
That faintly her great Patron may Rehearse;
No rural Lay can reach his Character,
But Shepherds Songs are always most sincere.

DAMON.

Nor have my Thoughts been Idle on the Main;
The *Muses* love *Alternates*, gentle Swain
Admit in Course a Sailer's artless Strein.

THIRSIS.

What equal Rites ye Pow'rs can be Assign'd
His God-like Person, and more God-like Mind?
So much of Royalty his Presence bore,
That scarce a Sceptre cou'd had added more.
Nature for Sov'reignty his Frame design'd,
Consenting Heav'en inspir'd a Monarch's Mind,

Yet

Yet o'er Himſelf he was content to Sway,
And Thought it Empire *Cæſar* to Obey.
Reſt to his Sacred Aſhes may it bring
That He was *Virtues* and the *Muſes* King.
Haſt pious Swains to Celebrate his Tomb,
So you may ſee a joyful Harveſt home.

D A M O N.

No Greatneſs e'er more Goodneſs did impart,
From Heights of State he ſtoop'd to raiſe Deſert;
To Him the bright Records of Fame were known,
Whoſe beſt Examples ſtill became his own.
All Traverſes of Fortune he ſuſtain'd,
In All great *Ormond*'s Character maintain'd:
Succeſs ne'er made him ſwell, nor ſuff'rings faint,
The firſt the *Hero* prov'd, the laſt the Saint.
Come pious Sailers drench with Tears his Urn,
So may your fraighted Veſſel ſafe Return.

T H I R S I S.

THIRSIS.

In *Ormond*'s ſtead what can the Stars reſtore,
What private Grief the Publick Loſs deplore?
Thoſe Elogies our ſcanty Pow'rs deny
Succeeding Times and Poets ſhall ſupply.
In *Oſſory* Fate's Triumph was compleat,
Fate to that Hero gave the firſt Defeat.
Now Deſtiny uſurps too large a Share,
An *Ormond* too is more than Earth can ſpare.

DAMON.

For *Oſſory* our Sorrows ſtill are ſeen
Freſh as his Fame, and as his Laurels green.

THIRSIS.

Like widdow'd Turtles we refuſe Relief,
Renew our Dirges and Indulge our Grief.

DAMON.

The News ſurpriz'd us, on the diſtant Shore,
That Noble *Oſſory* was now no more!

The Tritons ſtarted from their Coral Beds,
The Sea-Nymphs tore the Treſſeſs from their Heads.

THIRSIS.

On Land the Satyrs to their Dens retir'd,
As when of Old the mighty *Pan* expir'd.

DAMON.

I wonder'd much what ſundry Omens meant,
The thrice Advancing Flood thrice backward went;
Forthwith through all th' aſtoniſht Coaſt 'twas ſpred
The Guardian of the Floods great *Oſſory* was Dead.

THIRSIS.

For her loſt Admiral the Ocean groand
The harraſs'd *Flandrian* Plains his Fate bemoand,
Sea-vanquiſh'd *Belgians* then were Reconcil'd,
And only *Africk's* Savage Genius ſmil'd.

DAMON.

With Pangs my Thoughts that heavy Day recall,
The Wind blew hard, my Veſſel craz'd and ſmall,

The *Samphire-Man* his desp'rate Trade gave o'er
The Fisher drew his Netts and Boat a Shore,
Then *Thirsis* then the *Muses* watcht their time,
And forc't me Thus to sooth my Grief with Rhyme.
Oh where are now your Charms ye Briny Deeps,
Ye winding Coasts, smooth Sands and craggy Steeps,
What's Traffique now? What reason can you give
To make forlorn desponding *Damon* Live.
Or can it e're account for half my pain,
To stretch on Shells, and view the rolling Main,
Or breath my Griefs to these cold Rocks in vain.
For *OSS'RY*'s sake a Sailer I became,
And *OSS'RY* now is nothing but a Name?
To Us no more——but to the Skies a Star——
When next the raging Elements are at War
When safe on Shore my fellow-Sailers sleep,
That desp'rate Hour I'll take to launch into the Deep
Farewell all Lands, the tempting Syrges swell,
Ev'n Thou that holdst my *OSS'RY*'s Dust, Farewell

THIRSIS

THIRSIS.

How Charming-ſad O *Damon* is thy Verſe!
Not *Halcyons* ſuch or dying Swans rehearſe.

DAMON.

When from theſe Regions firſt he took his flight,
The Impious Age fear'd an Eternal Night:
Yet ev'n that vaſt Eclipſe not quite our Sphear (depriv'd,
Our *Oſſory* was gone, but *Ormond* ſtill ſurviv'd.
Whence can we now expect another Dawn,
Our Sun and *Phoſper* both eternally withdrawn?

Clorin.

It Thunders on the Left, auſpicious Sign,
And Lambent flames ſurround my *Heroes* Shrine:
Freſh Odors breathing thence, the Air perfume,
The Neighb'ring Groves their wonted Songs reſume;
My Lambs begin to ſport, my Ewes to Feed:
Whence can this Vital Influence proceed?

Behold

Behold a Second *Ormond* bright as Day,
Breaks forth to chaſe our ſullen Fears away!
Heav'n early did for our Relief contrive,
That *Oſſory* and *Ormond* ſhould ſurvive
In One great Heir that do's from Both derive.

Ye Guardian-Pow'rs that have receiv'd in Truſt
Great Britains Honor, to your Charge be juſt.
Preſerve her riſing Hope, and add th' Arrears
Of *Oſſory*'s ſhorten'd date, to his Succeſſors years;
That in his finiſh'd Circle may be ſeen
What *Oſſory*'s compleated Courſe had been.
No Heights of Glory are too hard to trace,
For *Ormond*'s Heir, Ally'd to *Beaufort*'s Race:
In this ye Pow'rs your Care you have expreſs'd,
To Fame and his great Genius leave the Reſt.

FINIS.

AN

ELEGY

In Memory

OF

That Most Excellent Lady

The late

COUNTESS

OF

DORSET.

Written in the Year, 1691.

ELEGY

MARY

COUNTESS

DORSET.

TO

The Right HONORABLE

MARY

COUNTESS DOWAGER

OF

NORTHAMPTON.

MADAM,

ZEAL *may be ſometimes too Officious; 'tis therefore with no ſmall Concern that I bring Your Ladyſhip a Preſent that may renew Your Grief, without*

out sufficient Merit to compensate the Trespass.

The Person and Character here Commemorated, deserv'd more Embellishments than any single Muse *is able to furnish out: Wherefore I pretend not to an Encomium, but an Elegy; being conscious that it was Written and Revis'd with the most tender Sentiments of hearty Sorrow.*

It could not possibly be otherwise where the Loss was so deplorable, and my Noble Patron was so great a Sufferer.

Providence was then pleas'd to give Your Ladyship another occasion of Exercising the most difficult of Christian Virtues; but by how much severer was the Tryal the greater is the Tryumph.

Neither

Neither was Your Ladyſhip left deſtitute of ſurviving Comforts to alleviate the Loſſes you ſuſtain'd.

Your Honour has the Happineſs of ſeeing (both of immediate and ſecond Deſcent) ſuch flouriſhing Plants as are, and will be, ſingular Ornaments to our Nation.

And that Your Ladyſhip ſhould be permitted to ſee them All in perfect Growth and Luſtre, (and long to enjoy that Sight) may be expected, in Recompence of that extraordinary Prudence, Piety, Charity and Other Virtues, that have ſhin'd through the whole Courſe of Your moſt Exemplary Life.

'Tis evident, Madam, *that you have improv'd the Endowments conferr'd on You, by Religion and Nature, for nobler Ends than Popular Applauſe.*

I shall therefore only beg Your Acceptance of this Offering, in Memory of the Fair Saint, and Pardon for

Madam,

Your Honour's

Most obedient Servant,

N. Tate.

IN MEMORY OF The most Excellent Lady late Countess OF DORSET.

GO Shepherds——to your Cottages retire,
Your *Dorset* Mourns —— no more the (Pipe Inspire!
Your Mirth is done, your Care is vain — what need
To tend those Flocks that will no longer Feed?

Nature her Self with troubled Face appears,
And Sable Robes for her loſt Darling wears;
She ſighs in Storms, and weeps in Show'rs of Tears.
Her vital Pow'rs in diſcontent Retreat,
Her Elemental Fire withdraws its Heat;
The ſullen Air admits no chearful Beam,
And Grief has ſilenc'd ev'ry Vocal Stream.
Ev'n Earth, that do's the precious Reliques ſhroud,
Laments the Treaſure that ſhould make her proud:
Alone exempted from the gen'ral Care,
The Skies rejoyce to have regain'd a *Star*.
With freſh Recruits of Light they ſhine and glow,
Regardleſs of our Suff'rings here Below;
With cruel Joy they Triumph at our Coſt,
And Revel with the Prize that we have Loſt!

Profane Diſeaſe! Thy Crime had been too Grea
In only Battering ſo fair a Seat;

Whic

Which ſpitefully thou quite haſt Undermin'd,
Becauſe the bright Remains would ſtill have ſhin'd.
So envious *Rome* no Method cou'd employ
Fair *Carthage* to ſubdue, but to Deſtroy.

Mute are the Groves where happy Shepherds ſung,
And *Philomel* once more has loſt her Tongue.
The Palm and Myrtle Groves no longer pleaſe;
Cypreſs and Yew are now the only Trees.
The mournful'ſt Objects moſt Endearments have,
The loneſome Vale delights; the gloomy Cave
Can pleaſe, becauſe it repreſents the *Grave*.
Tears our Refreſhment are, our ſole Relief
No more to wiſh or hope,
But give Deſpair free ſcope,
And rowl with the Impetuous Tide of *Grief!*

If then ſo juſt and vaſt the Sorrow be,
Of all who did the living Wonder ſee,

Or

Or Only her fam'd Character have heard,
To think ſuch Worth and Beauty are inter'd;
How then ſhall be conceiv'd, or how expreſt,
The Pangs that rent a tender Mother's Breſt?
What Language, that can Still the raging Seas,
Charm Diſcontent, and to Deſpair give Eaſe,
The Conflict of maternal ſighs appeaſe?
Should Wit pretend (what Wit can ne'er effect)
To treat the Fair Deceas'd with due Reſpect;
In proper Colours her Reſemblance paint,
In Form an Angel as in Life a Saint:
To ſay She *was*, when we can only ſay
That (oh!) She was—all mild as ſpringing Day,
Chearful and Beauteous as the Bloom of May;
That, Goddeſs-like, her Preſence did impart
Reviving Joys to ev'ry drooping Heart;
That She ſpoke Muſick——that for Mien and Ayr
She was All Charm——and yet as Good as Fair!

To shew the meek, the gen'rous Patroness
And Comforter of Others in Distress,
Her self laid languishing without Redress,
Will This relieve a mourning Parent's Grief?
Ah! miserable Art
That only can'st impart
The Food of Sorrow, an unkind Relief.

One only Sov'reign Balm sick Nature bears,
A Royal Mourner's sympathizing Tears;
Tho' Gods nor Goddesses may Fate reverse,
A *Goddess, weeping, Consecrates the Hearse.

*Her Majesty's Lamentation on this Occasion.

Behold the Graces waiting on Her Urn,
Transform'd as much as She for whom they Mourn!
While Vertue's fairer Train stand sighing by,
Concern'd such heav'nly Excellence cou'd Die.
Youth, Beauty, Innocence, assembled there,
With wither'd Looks——Zeal, Piety and Prayer,
Belief and Hope transfigur'd to Despair!

There

There Charity, cold as her Statue, ſtands,
And there Compaſſion wings her helpleſs Hands!
Theſe were the tendereſt Darlings of her Breſt
And like the Turtle-Brood, when diſpoſeſt,
Hover and moan about their ruin'd Neſt!
While Death Alone, with an inſulting Smile,
In Tryumph ſits before the mournful Pile.

Miſtaken Tyrant! Thy Deſigns are croſt,
'Tis thou and We who by this Change have loſt:
Of more than Life thou only haſt depriv'd
Thoſe wretched Mortals who her Fate ſurviv'd;
Look up and ſee, what will thy Pride confound,
Thy reſcu'd Captive there with glory Crown'd!
Behold her ſeated in a Bow'r of State
(Above the reach of any Second Fate)
While Saints and Seraphs on her Triumph wait.
With Flow'rs that in Celeſtial *Eden* grow,
They weave eternal Chaplets for her Brow;

While

While Heav'nly Harmony her Art employs,
Eccho'd with Songs of never-ceasing Joys!
O Sacred Hierarchy! O Realms of Light!
Transporting Vision——but, for Mortal Sight
Too dazling, too insufferably Bright!

Aspiring *Muse* Descend, the duskie Plains
And Vale of Death best suit thy pensive Streins;
Oh (since hard Fate allows no more) return'
To Crown with Bays and Verse the Sacred Urn.
Such Verse as may the gloomy Desart Charm;
Watch, Guard the lovely Saint's Remains from Harm
With vital Tears o'ercome
The Coldness of her Tomb,
And keep, with glooming sighs, her Ashes ever warm!

Oh whither will the dismal Scene extend!
Successive Woe, where will thy Current end?

Behold,

Behold, forlorn, the *Muſe*'s Patron laid
With Mourning *Cupids* in a Cypreſs Shade!
Of Fate nor cruel Skies he once complains,
But Inwardly the Conflict he ſuſtains
The ſtruggling Tumult of his Breaſt reſtrains.

O *DORSET*! cou'd our worthleſs Lives pretend
(Whoſe Comforts only on thy Smiles depend)
To Bribe thy Griefs, how pleas'd cou'd we reſign
Our Breaths, compounding for one Pang of Thine!

Our uſeleſs Breaths are tender'd now in vain,
Since tuneful Notes no more muſt chear the Plain:
Let Numbers ceaſe—for, whom ſhould they relieve
That can no Comfort to their Patron give?

Yet *DORSET* Live——in Pitty to the Age,
That, to condole thy Loſs, forgets its Rage.

The

The impious Age from that One Crime is free,
Mad with inteſtine Strife we All agree
Both in Admiring and Lamenting Thee.

Let thoſe dear Pledges intercede at leaſt
The Living Reliques of the Fair Deceas'd,
Till *Infant-Beauty, to full Bloom arriv'd,

*Lady Mary Sackville.

The Mother's Charms and Virtues has reviv'd;
Adorn'd with All that Nature's ſelf can crave
To make a full Reprizal on the Grave:
Till dawning *BUCKHURST* to his *Zenith* riſe,
And warm, (like You) and gild our *Northern* Shies;
Till a new Series of unclouded Years,
(Reſerv'd for Him) in ſhining Rank appears;
When his ripe Fame ſhall ev'ry *Muſe* employ,
Next Age's *DORSET*, *Britain*'s Second Joy.

FINIS.

FINIS.

A

Consolatory Poem

To the Right Honorable

JOHN

LORD

CUTTS,

UPON THE

DEATH

OF HIS

Most Accomplish'd LADY.

Requies quondam Speſq; unica Vitæ,
Nunc Dolor, æternuſq; imoſub Pectore Luctus.
Sanaz. Piſc. Ecl. 1.

TO

The Right HONORABLE

JOHN

LORD

CUTTS,

Baron of *GOWRAN*, &c.

My Lord,

I Could heartily have wiſh'd for a more Chearful Occaſion of acquainting the World with the Reſpect I have for Your Lordſhip.

However I cannot doubt Your Acceptance of this Tribute in Memory of Your moſt Excellent Lady.

You have moſt generouſly taken all Opportunities of Expreſſing the juſt Eſteem you had both for her Perſon and Virtues; and thereby Demonſtrated that Your Affection for Her was ſublim'd into Friendſhip, which is Love in Perfection.

My Lord,

I have a double Right of making this Addreſs to Your Lordſhip, both as You are a Friend to the Muſes and to Your Country.

'Tis a Happineſs to our Nation that You are return'd to do her Service at Home after having done her ſo great Service and Reputation Abroad.

You

Your Perſormances in War are too Numerous to be mention'd in a Dedication, being ſufficient Matter for a Hiſtory.

If Envy ſhall repine at the Fame You have Atchiev'd, 'tis what Horace *has affirm'd of* Hercules *Himſelf; who after all the Labours he had ſuſtain'd, and Monſters that he had vanquiſht*

Comperit Invidiam ſupremo fine domari.

But a greater Hero than Alcides *has been an Eye-Witneſs to ſeveral of Your Lordſhip's Martial Actions; which tranſcends whatever can be ſaid by Others.*

Beſides my Lord, I pretend not to ſend You a Penegyrick but an Epiſtle; my Muſe being ambitious Only of being admitted as a Mourner at the Obſequies of a Perſon who was ſo unſpeakably Dear to You.

I have too tender a Sense of Your Sorrow to Trespass any farther upon it, and therefore shall only Subscribe my self

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most humble Servant,

N. Tate.

A

Conſolatory Poem

To the Right Honorable

JOHN Lord *CUTTS*, &c.

STretch'd in a loneſome Vale (where Spring (decays,
And Nature with Affright her Self ſurveys)
LYSANDER grieving lay——the Earth his Bed!
Againſt a moſſy Stone he lean'd his Head;
His thoughtful Head, that no Repoſe admits:
Cloſe at his Feet a ſighing *Cupid* ſits.

Wreaths, Chaplets, Trophies, (Once the Hero's Care)
With all the glitt'ring Furniture of *War*,
To ruſt and tarniſh on the Ground are left,
Beneath a Leafleſs Oak by Thunder cleft.

A pompous Cloud deſcending from the Hills
Like ſome huge Pageant the broad Valleys fills.
But now (with Drums and Trumpets awful Sound
The vaſt Machine unfolding all around)
Behold what glorious Objects are diſclos'd!
Celeſtial Forms to Human View expos'd.
Lo! firſt the GOD of WAR, with dreadful Grace,
As when he thunders on the Plains of *Thrace*:
The blue-ey'd *PALLAS* leans upon his Arm,
And fiercely Beautiful, makes Terror Charm.
The dusky Groves with ſudden Luſtre ſhine;
Hark! how the Pow'rs of Harmony combine—
'Tis bright *APOLLO*, with the Tuneful NINE.

More Heav'nly Figures ſtill adorn the Plain;
The GRACES Mild and VIRTUES Awful Train.
BRITANNIA too——On whoſe Majeſtick State
PEACE, Wreath'd in Palms, and Laurell'd CONQUEST wait.
Theſe Noble Viſitants, by *JOVE*'s Command,
Condoling round the Mourning Lover ſtand.

Thus (ſternly) *MARS* the penſive Silence breaks—
(And ſhakes the ground beneath him while he ſpeaks.)

O Fate! O diſmal Change! who now can trace
One Feature of the Warrior in that Face!
Where's now the ſprightly Air, whoſe radiant Light
Through Clouds of Smoke diſtinguiſh'd Him in Fight?
Or when, in deſp'rate Siege, o'er Bodies pil'd,
He brav'd Deſtruction, and on Danger ſmil'd?
Look up my Son, ſee how with Skill Divine
Emblazon'd on my Shield, your Actions ſhine!

Your

Your Hazards, Hardſhips, Honorable Wounds,
With wond'rous Art expreſs'd in narrow Bounds.
Death in All Shapes, with ſtill Undaunted Brow,
You There Confront--And ſhall He Triumph Now?
To flitting Winds this killing Sorrow give,
And O! for Glory's ſake, conſent to Live.
Reſume your Courage, your Heroick Flame,
And liſten to the chearful Voice of FAME.

MINERVA next with ſtately Mein advanc'd,
Her Creſted Plume in waving Luſtre danc'd,
And Lightning from her burniſh'd Helmet glanc'd,
While thus the Goddeſs——

——Why this wild Deſpair?
For ſhort-liv'd Comfort why ſuch endleſs Care?
Nature ſets Limits to the ſwelling Main,
And Sorrow's Tide, at Height, ſhould Ebb again.

You

You have the Tribute of your Tears beſtow'd,
Whate'er the Husband, Friend, or Lover ow'd.
But now, unjuſtly to your ſelf engroſs
A Grief that ſhould be Publick as the Loſs.
For Mortals and Immortals, Earth and Skies,
Are Suff'rers All when Sacred *Virtue* Dies!

That Heav'nly Worth wou'd have ſo ſhort a Date,
Does juſt Concern in Deities create,
Who therefore mourn your Nymph's untimely Fate.

Large was their Int'reſt in her Precious Life,
But I a Daughter loſt, as you a Wife.!

Said I a Daughter? ——Envy knows 'tis True!
Not only That——She was my Darling too!
To Her my beſt Endowments I aſſign'd,
And crown'd her Beauty with as Fair a Mind:
That Youth's Allurements cou'd, in Youth, deſpiſe:
And only Wiſdom's Sacred Treaſure prize:

And reach a Sphere of Knowledge, too ſublime
For Vanity's Fantaſtick Wings to climb.
Her ſparkling Wit, that like her Eyes cou'd ſhine,
Like them did modeſtly its Beams confine.
The Bounds of Decency ſhe ne'er tranſgreſs'd;
Yet no Reluctance, no Conſtraint expreſs'd.
To Caution's Self ſhe gave a pleaſing Air;
Reſerv'd, without the ſullen Look of Care.
Her temper'd Mirth was like a Morning Ray,
All Mildly Bright, and Innocently Gay.
Then what her Serious, what her Sacred Hours?
The Joy and Wonder of Celeſtial Pow'rs.
We charge Thee, Fame, to her Deſerts be juſt,
And piouſly perform the mighty Truſt:
Let Future Ages read what This admir'd,
But never know how *Early* She expir'd!
For ſuch Perfections in the Bloom of *Youth*,
Will ſtagger Faith, and caſt a Veil on Truth.

Thus

Thus *PALLAS*---next, in Accents sweetly faint,
The God of Verse address'd his kind Complaint.

When *Mars* and War's lov'd Goddess sue in vain,
What can *Apollo*, and his slighted Train?
Yet, Warrior, call to mind you once were ours;
By me conducted to Inspiring Bow'rs,
The Seats of Fancy, and harmonious Pow'rs.
To you our *Helicon* was all expos'd;
The Fields of Wit, without Reserve, disclos'd.
But (more enamour'd on advent'rous Fame)
For Martial Wreaths you did my Bays disclaim!
Yet (fond her past Endearments to renew)
The *Daphne*, who from my Embraces flew,
To distant Camps and Sieges follow'd You.
Ah too unkind——yet still the Muses Care;
Who hither from their blissful Seats repair,
Your Griefs to comfort, or at least to share.

To share his Griefs indeed, *URANIA* cries,
(Nor Destiny that wretched Help denies)
For what can Numbers or melodious Breath,
When Harmony it self's untun'd by Death!
When the sweet Charmer of the Plains is made
The Grave's mute Pris'ner, and a silent Shade!
Tyrannick Fates, ingloriously you boast
A Conquest, where you have the Triumph lost;
Your Pride must own that with Unvanquish'd Mind
Life's dearest Hopes and Blessings she resign'd.
Her only Care—No more! —The Last Farewell
Of Dying LOVE no gentle *Muse* may tell!
Tempestuous Winds that Doleful Tale shou'd bear
Far hence, where only Salvages may hear,
Far distant from her grieving LOVER's Ear.
Let Musick yet her *Obsequies* deplore;
Perform that Task, and then be heard no more.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the Hint, *APOLLO* ſtrikes his Lyre,
While *Thus* in Conſort, ſung the Tuneful Quire,
As Fancy, Grief, and *Phœbus* did Inſpire.

Ye Nymphs *that in the Groves reſide,*
Or reap the Meadows early Pride,
To deck LAURINDA's *Marble, bring*
The Virgin-Beauties of the Spring.

Nereids *offer There your Shells,*
Diſmantle all your Gawdy Cells,
A Tribute to LAURINDA's *Shrine;*
Your Gems alas too dimly ſhine!
The Shrine is brighter far than They;
Therefore, Nereids, *ſteal away*
The Glances of Aurora's *Beams,*
Reflected on the Silver Streams.

Holy

Holy Vows and chaſt Deſires
Feed the Lamp with Lambent *Fires;*
Flames that Shine and never Burn,
Shou'd only Crown LAURINDA's Urn.
Tuneful Sighs, harmonious Groans,
Halcyon-Songs, and Turtle-Moans,
(Soft as Ev'ning Zephyrs call,
Soft as ſhedding Roſes fall)
Only from the Bow'r be heard
Where LAURINDA *lies Interr'd.*

Lo where Hymen's *Self appears!*
His Nuptial Taper quench'd in Tears,
His wither'd Wreath beſide him flung:
See Cupid *too (his Bow unſtrung)*
Engraving with a broken Dart
(In Characters of wondrous Art)
The *Fair*, the *Wiſe*, the *Virtuous*, and the *Tou*
Whi

While thus Enshrin'd her Ashes lye,
Her Deathless Spirit mounts the Sky;
And is in solemn State, presented There
With Ariadne's *Crown and* Cassiopeia's *Chair.*

Too low, your Heav'n's too low, *Britannia* cries,
My Saint is tow'rd where never *Muse* cou'd rise;
And blest with Raptures, more Divine and True
Than your *Apollo* ever gave or knew.

Ye Realms of Bliss (enrich'd at *Britain*'s Cost)
While gainers There, think what on Earth you lost!
Since Death's rude Hand demolish'd that fair Shrine,
See how the *Virtues* and the *Graces* pine.
O Heav'n-born *Piety*! what tender Breast
(Like Her's) will make thee now its early Guest;
That Mansion fall'n, ah! whither wilt thou stray?
Devotion, who shall teach thee now to *Pray*?

To whom ſhall Meekneſs for Protection fly ;
To whom ſhall ſhiv'ring Charity apply ?
To whom ſhall now her Infant Orphans cry ?

See how around her Tomb they take their Stands,
And wail, and ſob, and wring their little Hands !
Yet Fate this Proſpect ſtill of Comfort gives,
Their Patroneſs's bright EXAMPLE lives.

This Thought, *LISANDER*, ſhou'd your Griefs (ſubdue,
And make your blaſted Hopes to bloom anew.
Celeſtial Pow'rs, when your accompliſh'd Fair
They form'd and finiſh'd with ſo nice a Care,
To Earth ſo rich a Treaſure never gave
For Fate to hoard it in a thankleſs Grave.
Believe not then your Beauteous Saint expir'd,
But only to her Native Heav'n retir'd.

Miſtake

Miſtake not Courteſy for Diſregard;
If Life's a Toil, and Death is Life's Reward,
Sure, Nature's Tenderneſs is moſt expreſs'd
To Thoſe whom Sooneſt ſhe admits to Reſt.

I know the Genius of exceſſive Grief
Is to indulge Deſpair, and ſhun Relief;
But Heros from ſuch Frailty ſhou'd be free;
Have Pity on your Self;——at leaſt on Me.
Behold how TRIUMPH drops his flagging Wings;
Nor PEACE can taſte the Bleſſings that ſhe brings.
You waſte *My* Hours in Sorrow, while on You
My Senate calls——My Royal Guardian too!
In *WILLIAM*'s Name our Viſit is addreſt,
His Summons hear, and charm your Griefs to Reſt.

So Pow'rful, so Inspiring was the Sound
Of *WILLIAM*'s Name, it shook the Hills around,
And rais'd the Mourning Hero from the Ground
Who now the Bright Assembly did survey
With such submissive Looks as seem'd to say——
In Duty He his lov'd Despair wou'd quit,
And to the Toils of *Joyless* Life submit.

F I N I S.

A

POEM

ON THE

PROMOTION

OF SEVERAL

Eminent Perſons

IN

CHURCH and STATE.

Written in the Year, 1694,

By *N. TATE*, Servant to their Majeſties.

——*Magnum mihi panditur æquor,*
Ipſaque Pierios laſſant Proclivia Currus
LAUDIBUS innumeris. ——Claud.

POEM

ON THE

PROMOTION

OF SEVERAL

Eminent Persons

IN

CHURCH and STATE.

To the Right Honourable

WILLIAM

EARL OF

PORTLAND,

Knight of the Most noble Order of the GARTER, &c.

My Lord,

'TIS *properly the Business of a Poet, to Celebrate the most exemplary Characters of the Age and Country in which he lives.*

This was my Design in Collecting these Essays into a Volume, having found them not disapprov'd when singly Publish'd.

But having hitherto treated the Reader with Funeral Entertainments, it seem'd reasonable for me to annex the following List of Worthies, most of whom are living; and long may They yet Live, as it ought to be wish'd of all publick Blessings.

Wherefore there needs no Excuse for Presenting Your Lordship with this Poem; the Esteem You have for the Persons concern'd in it, and their just Respect for Your Lordship make it my Duty.

I will crave leave to add that it was likewise my Ambition and Inclination.

My

The Epistle Dedicatory.

My Lord,

'Tis no Wonder that Your Lordship should be Address'd by Poets; since the Thanks of all EUROPE *are due to Your Extraordinary Services, which were only to be Accomplish'd by unweary'd Diligence and utmost Prudence in Management.*

You have oblig'd Mankind by Your early and continu'd Fidelity to the Best of PRINCES, *and Adventur'd the most eminent Dangers for the Preservation of his most Sacred Life.*

You have been eminently Instrumental in a Universal Peace, promoting the Safety and Tranquility of Nations, and done Honour to Ours, by Supporting its Dignity and Grandieur in a glorious Embassie.

These

These and Other noble Instances will Emblazon Your Character, and Signalize Your Name in History, far beyond whatever can be said, by

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most humble,

but devoted Servant,

N. Tate.

A

POEM

ON THE

PROMOTIONS, &c.

THE

INTRODUCTION,

Addreſs'd to the Right Honorable *CHARLES* Earl of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*, &c.

My Lord,

WITH conſcious Fear my Muſe approaches You
Wit's ableſt Judge, and beſt Example too.
In Modeſty your ſight ſhe ſhould decline;
The Only Barren Thing on which You ſhine!

To

To Your's Aſpiring, and her Countrey's Praiſe,
Deſerting Strength her ripe Deſign betrays.
Yet ſee how Duty, with reſiſtleſs Spells,
To freſh Attempts a Loyal Heart Compels!
Since Britain's *Worthies their juſt Orbs ſuſtain,*
And loud Applauſe reſounds from ev'ry Plain;
Our Britiſh *Bards the only ſilent Throng;*
Rage hurry'd me on this advent'rous Song,
But oh! my Zeal forgot ſuch Themes requir'd,
The Force and Fury of a Breaſt Inſpir'd.
Yet theſe weak Strains may to a Nobler Flight
Provoke thoſe Muſes whom they can't invite.
To them ſhall, ſafely, Fame theſe Figures truſt,
Whoſe Luſtre is in my dead Colours loſt.
How warmly They each Character ſhall trace,
Set off with proper Lights and Native Grace!
Then higher Soar, and urging their Succeſs,
Our great Auguſtus Court *to life expreſs;*

In

In which Illuſtrious Sphere, with Forms Divine,
Shall our Agrippa *and* Mecænas *Shine.*
That Work commenc'd, how pleas'd ſhall I Retire!
And at juſt Diſtance ſilently Admire;
Content and Proud the Skilful to have mov'd,
And ſee my rude Deſign ſo well improv'd.
Ev'n ſo blind Chance, the Art of Muſick found;
A ruſling Wind amongſt the Reeds did ſound;
That Noiſe Inſtructed Sheperds firſt to Frame
The Tuneful Pipe, that ſince gave Sheperds Fame.

AS Joyful Nature, who till then lay mute,
Did the firſt Sun's exalted Beams ſalute;
So *Britain*, reſcu'd from the ſullen Cloud
That ſeem'd her new-created Face to ſhrow'd,
Beholds, at once Tranſported and Amaz'd,
To proper Sphears her Brighteſt Planets rais'd.

Our

Our Monarch, who best knew their Use and Pow'r,
Reserv'd their Influence for the Prosp'rous Hour:
Whose Aspects now a strong Direction joins,
When Tyranizing *Saturn*'s Course declines.
Thus Kings, whose Actions are to Heav'n ally'd,
Like Providence, by Time are justify'd.
Easy at Home their Task, when Peace combines
With Pious Kings, and favours their Designs,
Ours, prest with War, and sinking *Europe*'s Weight,
Finds Leisure to Adorn our *Church* and *State*.

NOW, like the Visionary Matron, rears
Eusebia her calm Forehead crown'd with Stars.
O'rejoy'd her Consecrated Sons appear,
(Those Sons that hold their Mother's Honour dear)
To see the Past'ral Chair by Him supply'd,
For whom the Voice of Angels would decide.

In

In his Promotion Vice her Downfal read,
She rav'd to find the *Mitre* on that Head:
Her Venom swell'd to see, of Piety
So Charming an Example plac'd so High;
Whose Influence, her Fears presag'd, would make
The Age reform, and her dark Empire shake.
Preferment sought Him, (Worthless Souls intrude,
But Modest Merit must by Kings be woo'd.)
He, slow consenting, to the Temple's Sway
Aspir'd not, but did *Cæsar's* Will Obey.
While *Cæsar* did, who only could, prescribe,
He in meer Duty Rules the Sacred Tribe.
His Moderation, Charity Divine,
Led to this Choice our Gen'rous *Constantine*.
Whose Genius, while the *Crosier* there he plac'd,
His own Hereditary Virtues grac'd.
Whose Clemency mistaken Zeal does spare,
To Conscience, Tender; as to Crimes, Severe.

Cæsar,

Cæsar, these Charms can only Thrones sustain,
And you in These without a Rival Reign.
O Friend of Nations! None you hold for Foes,
Except the Troublers of the World's Repose.
Just is your Cause; oh! may as Just Success
Attend Your Arms, till, You Mankind redress:
Till harras'd *Europe* safe at Rest is laid,
As slept first Mortals in their *Sylvan* shade.

The *Muse*, her Visit to the Temple paid,
Comes forth, where Peals of Joy her Ear invade.
What charming Pomp such Transports can create?
Lo! *Sommers* with the Emblems of his State!
How justly, Heav'n, are now those Trophies born,
Before such Worth, in suitable Return,
Adorning him, who *Britain* do's adorn!
A Poet's Genius should be all on Fire;
What Extasies should his rais'd Soul inspire?

When

When Crowds, at Sight of Him, can Rapture feel;
See how they preſs to Gaze, and load his Chariot-
(wheel!
To fetter'd Numbers how ſhall be confin'd
The Compaſs of His Comprehenſive Mind!
Senſe, Reaſon, Muſick, in his Language throng,
The Graces ſit Aſſembled on his Tongue;
Whoſe Accents ev'n the flying Winds ſurprize,
Who watch their Birth, and bear 'em to the Skies.
The *Muſes*, who ſeverer Arts profeſs,
By Him are Cheriſh'd, ne'er deny'd Acceſs;
Only the Idle, and the Singing Crew,
Chid from his Preſence, long, long ſince withdrew.
In Youth, their Lawrels, at his Feet they laid,
To Court Him, all their *Syren*-Charms diſplay'd;
Which like *Ulyſſes* wiſely He contemn'd,
And, Tacking off, the Tide of Buſineſs ſtemm'd.

'Twould beggar Thought and Language both, to raiſe
The full proportion'd Tribute of his Praiſe.
Whom, through all Provinces of Learning crown'd,
Tranſcendent Virtues render more renown'd.
Juſtice do's, viſible, from Heav'n repair;
Unveil'd ſhe comes, and takes with Him the Chair.

Next, were my Strength proportion'd to my (Zeal,
I'd ſing the Guardian of the *Privy-Seal*.
On *Pembroke*, what can Court or State confer
Beyond his Knowledge, or his Virtue's Sphere?
Who, like the Sun, the higher he aſcends,
But further warms, and more his Beams extends.
In Private Actions, as in Publick Truſt,
To Honour's Scheme ſo *regularly* juſt;
That his whole Soul but ſeems a Model, fram'd
By thoſe rare Arts in which his Skill is fam'd.

Whoſe

Whose Judgment the best Pencil can direct;
In Symetry instruct the Architect.
Whose Rays can Light to Time's dark Relicts give,
And from the Grave Antiquity retrieve.
O Sacred Faculty! whose Pow'r transcends
Life's Territories, and the Dead befriends.
Blest Genius! who Past Ages can renew,
And Ours transmit to All that shall ensue.
Who ev'ry Science, and so early, gain'd,
As Heav'n Inspir'd, not Industry Obtain'd.
Vast Ocean, that from ev'ry Channel draws,
From Statesmen, Schools, Divine and Human Laws.
To Worth depress, and injur'd Right, his Ear
Is ever open, and his Heart sincere.
O Piety! O Truth without a Stain!
Reserv'd by Heav'n for *William*'s Sacred Reign.

How, *Shrewsbury*, for thy Return to State,
And once more condeſcending to be Great,
Shall my weak *Muſe* aſſume the mighty Tone?
How eccho back the Joy by Nations ſhown,
Whoſe Breath wants Compaſs to expreſs her own?
Yet Oh! would Strength with my Deſires comply,
My Song a *Dytherambick* Pitch ſhould fly:
Purſuing thy juſt Praiſes to the Skies,
But they tow'r ſwift, and I want Wings to riſe.
Immortal Streins ſhould *Cæſar's* Darling grace;
The Worthieſt Heir of *Talbot's* Noble Race.
With gen'ral Thanks (for All your Abſence mourn'd,)
We bleſs, at once, our Hopes and You return'd.
So *Rome*, diſtreſs'd, in one united Swarm,
Welcom'd her great Dictator from his Farm.

Theſe Worthies, *Britain*, for thy Glory born,
And Numbers more, thy happy Realm adorn.

Turn,

Turn, turn your Eye to bright *Auguſta's* Pile;
See how her Sons, ſee how her Fabricks ſmile,
Ages were told by that Imperial Dame,
Ere *Rome* determin'd her diſputed Name.
Who Tyrant-*Rome* in *Juſt* Renown excell'd,
As far as *Thames* above the *Tyber* ſwell'd,
Her Situation boaſts no empty Height,
No Barren Mountains to ſupport her Weight;
From *Thames* his Bank contented to look down,
And ſee the Treaſures of the World her own.
Kind Stars could to her Bleſſings add no more,
But to ſecure what they conferr'd before:
'Tis done: ——Her Laws, her Rights by Publick (Voice
Were fix'd, when *Aſhburſt* was her Guardian-Choice.
All that her Hopes or utmoſt Wiſh could crave,
She to her ſelf in that Election gave,

'Twas Then Fate ſnatch'd the Wheel from Fortune's Hand,
And charm'd it faſt.---Thus ſtt'ring her Command,
At this Aſcendant, my *Auguſta*, ——Stand.

For whom ſhould her Conſenting Votes engage
But *Aſhhurſt*? the *Fabricius* of our Age.
Sprung from a Patriot-Race of old Renown,
He centres all their Glories in his Own.
On Him, with Meaſure unconfin'd, did fall,
That Publick Spirit which inſpir'd them All.
Auguſta, to thy grateful Sons and Thee,
For ever Sacred let his Trophies be;
The boldeſt Champion of your Liberty.

For Peace can courage boaſt with Triumphs crown'd,
That loud, as thoſe obtain'd by War, reſound;
Whoſe Gilded Lawrels too, are full as good,
In Fame's Eſteem, as Laurels dy'd in Blood.

Him, in her Chair, the City finds so Just,
That she repines 'tis but an Annual Trust:
Which, by th' Effects of his Industrious Skill,
Ev'n when Retir'd, he yet shall seem to Fill.
His Methods and Example shall prevail,
And Blessings on succeeding Reigns entail.
For *Virtue*, that does lasting Fruit intend,
And does, like His, its utmost Force extend,
In One Year's space whole Ages can befriend.

Behold the hurry'ng Crowd from ev'ry Street
Press to the *Thames* some Pageantry meet.
Lo there in wondrous Pomp blue Tritons ride,
And Sea-Nymphs entring with the swelling Tide.
Advanc'd before our Senate-House, they call
For *Russel*, their Victorious Admiral.

Envoys to him they come, and ſeem to ſay,
Neptune his ready Homage waits to pay,
And *Thetis* grows impatient of his ſtay.
Bleſſings attend your Counſels (thus they ſing)
Great *Britain*'s Senate, may your Gen'rous Spring
Of Tribute, for the Publick Safety, riſe,
As full and faſt as ours the *Thames* ſupplies;
Who finds, in circling Trade, his juſt return,
And bleſſes the Expences of his Urn.
Let *Ruſſel* ſtill Command, and ſtill the Main
To *Britain* his old Duty ſhall retain;
Still ſerve the Iſle, which he, embracing layes,
With Loyalty as Ancient as his Waves.
Whoſe full Aſſembly did your Votes reſound,
When You his Courage and his Conduct own'd.
O Sea's great Hero! to thy Fleet repair,
And ſee the ready Harveſt of thy Care,

A cheerful Crew of Sailors doubly Fir'd,
By Native Valour, and by You inſpir'd:
Through ev'ry Squadron plenteous Stores convey'd;
Their Flags and Streamers Gallantly diſplay'd.
A flowing Tide and Winds preſenting fair,
Or will at leaſt when *Ruſſel* does appear,

French Pyrates ſnatch'd our Seas unguarded (Wealth,
As *Cacus* the *Herculean* Herd, by Stealth:
The Hero's Abſence that advantage gave;
But he, returning, Sack'd the Robbers Cave.
In vain the treach'rous Den with Rock was Barr'd,
Which Fire and Smoak cou'd now no longer Guard.
The Reſt, ſecur'd by ſhameful Odds, Engage;
Tourville alone cou'd boaſt a gen'rous Rage.
Nor unrenown'd his glitt'ring *Sun* is ſett,
That *Ruſſel*, and *Britannia*'s Lightning met.

'Twas

'Twas Fame enough to dare, though forc'd to ſhrow'd
Her vanquiſh'd Glories in a ſhelt'ring Cloud.
With Terrors Threatning Pomp diſplay'd they came,
Tempeſt-reſembling Fury, Noiſe, and Flame,
Enough to have Aſtoniſh'd and O'rethrown
A Foe, not Arm'd with greater of his Own.
But urg'd the Fate that ſuch Preſumption crav'd,
When, *Cæſar*, they your Naval Thunder Brav'd.
So raſh *Salmoneus*, while with *Jove* he Vy'd,
Fell by that Thunderbolt, which he Defy'd.

From Sea, the *Muſe* our diſtant Camp does view;
But drops her Wing o're charg'd with briny Dew.
From her own *Britain* too, remov'd too far,
Where *Cæſar* waits Fame's Summons to the War;
And *Ormond* (His, as Cæſar *Ormond*'s Care)
Prepares his Danger and Renown to ſhare.

Whoſe

Whose Wounded Breast shall future Ages Charm,
Together Sung with *William's* Wounded Arm.
Shine Bright ye Stars, who kindly did divert
The Piercing Ponyard from that Gen'rous Heart.
Muse, Crown his Brow, but make his Laurel wreath
As Mild and Sweet, as Morning Roses Breath;
Who Clemency to Courage reconciles,
And in whose Face delighted Nature smiles.
The Graces early Nurs'd whom they decreed
Their former Darling *Ormond* to succeed;
Illustrious *Ossory's* expiring Breath,
To him his Fame and Virtues did bequeath.
Thus to *Elysian* Fields the *Phœnix* Fled
To his Successor leaves a Spicy Bed.
The Royal Eagle, all the Noble Quire
The Wondrous Heir of the *Sun's* Bird Admire.

From

From Fairy Land great *Spencer's* Shade shall rise,
And *Milton* from his Dream of Paradise;
To Charm the *Boyne*, and then the *Shannon's* Stream,
William their First, and *Talmash* their next Theme.

Of Num'rous Worthies more our Lists can boast;
But who has Breath to Count the Starry Host?
The *Muse* who can that *Galaxie* recite,
May too the Princely *Conſtellation* Write,
Whom *Britain's Jupiter*, Preſiding, draws,
And joins their Aſpects in the Common Cauſe.
The Cauſe that *Europe's* Heroes did employ,
Of old Combining to demoliſh *Troy*.
For *Helen's* Rape, that Arm'd the Pow'rs of *Greece*
Was but a Type of Violated Peace,
'Tis fix'd —— Behold the happy promis'd Day
Already Plum'd, and on his Glorious Way,

With

With Triumphs charg'd, that ſhall once more invite
The gen'rous *Muſe* that Sung the *Boyne*, to Write.
Themes Sacred, and by Fame reſerv'd intire
For *Montague*'s inimitable Fire:
Fancy that can to Clouds of Smoke give Light,
And trace a Hero through the dusky Fight.
Oh! if, for ſuch exalted Themes and Witt,
His Country's *Service* Leiſure cou'd permit,
Not Summer-Breezes wou'd delight us more,
Nor Waves that gently break upon the Shore.
But ſince a Nobler Sphear of *Publick Good*,
(By None more lov'd, or better Underſtood)
Such Induſtry and Judgment muſt engroſs,
The *Muſes* (touch'd with Senſe of their own Loſs
And Publick welfare) after long Debate,
'Twixt Grief and Joy reſign him to the State.

FINIS.

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